

The Dragon Guardian

by starkid70

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Summary: What would have happened if the Man in the Moon decided Hiccup should help the children of the world. Hiccup 'dies' after defeating the Red Death, as well as Toothless.

1. Chapter 1

At first, the only thing Hiccup could remember was fire.

That's not to say it hurt, really, it was just really warm. Though he supposed it wasn't the 'stay in bed because the outside world is far too cold to enter right now' warm, it was more of the 'oh god why am I so uncomfortable, it's not that hot out' warm.

Then, slowly, he became aware of what happened. He recalled meeting Toothless, and the inevitable friendship that quickly came after; the cheating and lying during training sessions, and the reveal of his true intentions; and then finally, the battle against the Red Death.

Opening one eye, afraid of what he would see once he fully returned to reality, he was completely surprised to see he was at home.

That was, of course, when his inconsiderate dragon decided to give him a heart attack and jumped down next to his bed.

"Toothless? Oh gods, you're in my house? Does my dad know you're here?" Trying to avoid a panic attack, Hiccup closed his eyes, placing his head in his hands.

"Of course he knows, do you really think I'm that stupid?"

The Viking looked at his best friend patronizingly, "Well, now that you mention it, you were the one wh-

Hiccup froze mid sentence. He couldn't have heard that right. Surely

he was going insane, all the signs were there. Right, that had to be it. After all, who else would decide to become friends with the enemy, fight off a giant dragon almost completely alone, with only another dragon's help, and then wake up with the ability to understand aforementioned dragon. Only someone that's got something eating at their brain, that's who.

"I've gone insane, haven't I Toothless. No don't answer that, I already know I am, there is no way you can convince me."

"What are you talking about? You seem completely fine to me." Toothless, now more concerned for his friend, inched forward, sniffing him out as though trying to find out if he really was insane from smell alone."

"Gah! No, stop doing that!"

"Doing what?"

"Talking!"

"...Why?"

"Because dragons shouldn't be able to speak! I shouldn't be able to understand you!"

The black beast looked curiously at the upset boy, "Why are you making such a big deal out of this now? You've always been able to understand me. Haven't you?" He nudged the small boy with his nose, then climbed onto the small bed, curling his body as much as he could around the boy.

Hiccup calmed down, though he was still hyperventilating slightly. After a moment, he spoke, "No, this is the first time I've ever been able to understand you. Though, now that I think about it, it was abnormally easy to guess what you were thinking. Maybe I could understand you."

"If you couldn't, you must be a fantastic guesser. I certainly never thought you were unable to understand what I was saying," Toothless shrugged off the topic, suddenly remembering why his human was currently in bed in the middle of the afternoon, "Oh, by the way, are you feeling alright?"

"Yes, why?"

"Just making sure. That was an awful fall. Straight down at least a thousand meters, and right into a huge ball of fire. You know they almost tried to cut off your leg? I stopped them, healed it with my sotned," the Night Fury proudly stated.

"Sotned? What's that?" Hiccup questioned.

"Oh right, I forgot. You humans don't have sotned. It's basically another type of breath we have. Like, obviously, all dragons have fire breath, but then there's the secondary breath, or sotned. For example, some dragons have acid or water. Those are the most common types of sotned. Night Furies have healing breath. We can cure basically anything, as long as it isn't too far gone."

Hiccup looked away and thought for a moment. Something didn't add up. Finally, he glanced back up at his first friend and asked, "Wait, so if you can heal anything, why can't you just, you know, fix your tail?"

Obviously, Toothless saw this coming, for he was already shaking his head despondently. "I already said, I can heal anything, but only as long as it isn't too far gone. By the time you had released me, it had already completely fallen off." Both slumped, crestfallen.

This new information took a minute to sink in. Well that was certainly going into the dragon book. Hiccup nodded distractedly, questions burning in his mind. Unfortunately, just as he was about to start firing them at the dragon, his father burst through the door.

"Toothless, I know you want him to wake up as much as the rest of us but could you stop laying on top of h-" As Stoick's eyes met those of his son, he cut off in shock.

For a long while, the three just stared at one another. Finally, Hiccup broke the silence, "How'd you know his name was Toothless? I never told you."

Shaken out of his surprise, Stoick replied, "Astrid told me. Strange name though, looks like he's got plenty of them to me."

"They're retractable. Second time I saw him, I noticed the lack of them, and it sort ofâ€¦ stuck," Hiccup trailed off uncertainly.

Now they settled into another bout of silence, this one much more awkward than the last, though also much more relieved. The chief shifted uncomfortably on his feet until he sighed and said, "I'm glad you're alright, son."

Hiccup smiled widely. "Thanks Dad."

#####

Later that week, after finally being allowed out of his house, Hiccup and Toothless escaped to do some night flying.

After being locked in a confined space for so long, the two both breathed a sigh of relief when they took off, feeling the freedom of the wind and the palpable companionship with each other. They spent nearly an hour doing complicated tricks, some of them things neither had ever attempted before tonight. It felt completely natural to do those unfamiliar stunts. Once the bout of creativity and energy had run its course, they glided comfortably through the air until they found the cliff they always visited after flying.

This was a great spot, in Hiccup's opinion, as they could watch the waves of the sea slowly roll along, and could see the sunset perfectly. Tonight, they could also see the full moon and millions of bright stars lighting the night sky. Hiccups lied back onto Toothless after he had settled behind him. The dragon shifted after a moment to curl his body more fully around the small form.

Both looked to the horizon, finding the moon in perfect position for them to gaze at without having to strain their necks.

"Hello Hiccup, Toothless"

Eyes widening, they scrambled to their feet. Now Hiccup knew he was insane. There was no way the _moon_ just spoke to him. He didn't know how he knew it was the moon that spoke to him, he just did. Of course, that made the human even more sure of his unstable mentality. After another couple of minutes, the moon began to speak.

It was another three hours before the two stunned companions made their way back to the village.

Inside the only home he had ever known, Hiccup came to a sudden realization.

"We can't stay here, bud."

#####

Approximately thirteen centuries into the future, in the year 2013, to be more precise, a boy and his dragon took off to find another place to inhabit. They had been doing this for longer than anyone cared to remember.

They had traveled the world a million times over by now, though that didn't stop them from continuing to explore. Now, they were going back to the place both still called home: Berk.

After all this time, they knew there was no longer anyone living there. They made it their unofficial home after the last of the Vikings had left around twelve centuries ago. When they got tired of this modern world, it was nice to return to the quiet island.

Hiccup and Toothless, as an unspoken rule, came back as often as possible so that they could be reminded of why they couldn't talk to anyone else, not even the other like them. Of course, there was another reason, but that's a story for later.

They had met all of them, of course: North, Tooth, Sandy, the Groundhog, the Leprechaun, even Nessie. It had been a bit of a shock when he met Cupid, who was not actually a baby in diapers, but a middle-aged woman. Unfortunately, as ordered by Manny, Hiccup had to disguise them both. Most of the time, to anyone looking at them, they saw a small child of seven and his enormous black dog. Hiccup liked this ability of his the least, as it was what kept the two separated from the rest of the world.

He could remember the second time Manny had talked to them, about a decade after leaving Berk. He remembered being angry that Manny would not tell him why they were never allowed to be seen by the others. Nevertheless, they complied.

Thankfully, Manny allowed them to be seen by the humans whenever they wanted. This was great in a lot of the countries around the world, as they were able to make a difference. Due to their ability to be seen as anything, they had created a different persona for each culture they encountered. They had yet to make one for some of the more stubborn cultures, like the ones including Christianity, Judaism, and Islam, as no matter what they became, they were seen as the embodiment of evil.

Toothless' favorite to visit were some of the obscure African cultures, as they could come as themselves. The people often spoiled the dragon there, so Hiccup made a point to visit one of them at least twice a year, usually more often, as he too liked not to have to hide.

They had been alone for so long, they often forgot that there would come a time when Manny would tell them to reveal themselves.

Landing on their cliff, Hiccup set up camp while Toothless gathered and lit a large stack of wood.

"It's your turn to catch dinner," Hiccup shouted over his shoulder, finishing up his work.

"It's always my turn. You suck at hunting." Toothless stated sarcastically.

"I know that. It's my turn when we need to buy something, and it's your turn when we need to hunt. Would you rather switch jobs? I attempt to catch a bunny while you try to figure out how money works in each country?"

"Absolutely no," and with that, the huge lizard trotted off to find some fish. Both boy and dragon agreed that they still ate best here, as the fish was best here. They were glad no one was crazy enough to come here any more. They always got the best of the best.

Hiccup rolled out his mat and settled down on it to wait for his best friend by the fire. Lazily, he gazed up at the stars and turned his head to look at Manny. Then, for the first time in 1283 years, Manny spoke to him.

"It's time"

#####

At the same time, in Burgess Pennsylvania, Jack Frost was incredibly bored.

This was not acceptable, because he was the god of fun! He wasn't ever supposed to be bored! But there he was, sitting on the Bennett's fence, waiting for Jamie and his friends to come back home from school. This was the first time since his Guardian initiation that he would be seeing them. He knew they still believed though, as he had made his own personal globe that showed who believed in him, specifically.

When he had first made it, he was surprised to find that more people believed in him than he initially thought. Currently, he had about 7,253 people that believed in him. Not that he was keeping track.

"JACK!"

The spirit of winter was startled so much that he fell off the fence and into a huge snow pile. Not for the first time, he was glad he didn't get cold.

"Hello to you too, Jamie," Jack muttered, shaking off the excess snow. Then he grinned at the small boy before rushing at him and throwing the laughing kid over his shoulder, "Nice to see you, kid. Miss me?"

"Of course! We should go get everyone so we can play!" Jamie excitedly bounced after being set down, before yelling "Come on!" and pulling a chuckling Jack down the street.

Finally, some excitement! Jack had been craving this since winter had ended last. As it was mid-November, he deemed it acceptable to end fall a bit prematurely, at least for Burgess.

Jack swung his first believer onto his shoulders, carrying him to the first house on the way: the twins' house.

After gathering the rest of the kids, the group played until they were called in for dinner.

Since it had been months since he was allowed to see the children, Jack had made sure to plan literally everything they could possibly do. He recalled the activities in his mind before acting on them, making sure he hadn't missed any.

First up was, of course, the snowman building contest. It was the least energy draining, so it had to go first, before all of the exhausting things he had planned for later.

Immediately after that, the Winter Spirit quickly formed an intricate sledding course, in honor of his first game with the kids.

With whatever limited time he had left before the children were called in, Jack finished off his play date with a huge snowball war. As he didn't want them just to have a free-for-all, fun as those may be, they first split into three teams and built their forts.

Having the embodiment of fun and winter on a team was decided to be completely unfair, so Cupcake elected Jack as ammo supplier. This didn't deter him from having his own fun. The spirit had a blast creating different types of snowballs. He made regular packed balls, fluffy ones that exploded into fluff when it hit something, icy ones that did major damage to the carefully sculpted forts but became softer when thrown at any people, and large wet ones that soaked through clothes.

Needless to say, Jack was incredibly disappointed when they had to go in.

A little while later, he decided that it was so much fun playing with them, he would have to make it a snow day tomorrow. He knew just how to do it.

Jack was about to set to work on his plan when he saw the signal.

Sighing when he sighted the northern lights, he realized he couldn't go through with his idea. As the lights moved faster, becoming brighter, he knew he wouldn't even have time to say goodbye.

Jack jumped into the air, beginning the short journey to North's

place. At least it couldn't possibly be as bad as last time.

#####

Reaching the North Pole, Jack glided into the main building and landed in front of North.

"First one here?" Jack inquired.

"Yes. Were you trying to break all time record?"

"Maybe," Jack smirked and sat down on top of his staff.

"How many children do you have now?" North asked.

"7,253 as of this afternoon. It's going up daily," Jack said proudly.

"Good for you, Jack! Now you have one hundredth of my score!" North said encouragingly.

Jacks smile dropped a bit, realizing just how far he had to go. He shook it off though, when he remembered that they had all started off with less than him in the beginning.

Bunnymund was the next to arrive, followed by Tooth. When Sandy arrived half an hour later, gesturing something about having to set up dreams for the next wave of people to go to sleep, they all turned to North expectantly, who was grinning at them, oblivious to their growing impatience.

Finally, Bunny broke the silence and said, "Well? Why'd you call us?"

"Oh! Right!" North seemingly recalling why they were gathered. "Manny has made announcement! We will have a new Guardian."

This announcement was met with stunned faces. "Another one?" Tooth asked, "Has he chosen yet?"

North shook his head, "No, he waited for us to all see."

They all stood there in silence as they waited for something to happen. When nothing did, Bunny broke the quiet by saying, "Are you sure that's what he said? I mean, it's a tad early for a new guardian already. It hasn't even been a year."

Feeling offended for some reason, though he couldn't tell you why, Jack mumbled something along the lines of, "Well at least I won't be the new guy anymore."

Tooth, who seemed to not have heard him, nodded in agreement to what Bunny was getting at. "I think Bunny's right, North. Are you absolutely sure? It's definitely way too soon."

Pouting slightly, North stepped over to pull a lever that opened the skylight, allowing the moon's rays to enter.

"See for yourselves."

He gestured to the ground where the crystal was beginning to emerge.

"Why are we getting another one so soon? Isn't five enough?" Bunnymund questioned. He certainly had a point. Though if Pitch was coming back, they would certainly need all the help they could get. Last time was awful enough.

The moonlight intensified until a large image began to form above the crystal. As it sharpened, they saw it wasn't just one figure, but two. When no one spoke, Jack couldn't hold in his curiosity any longer. He cleared his throat.

"Who is that?"

2. Chapter 2

Another saving grace in Hiccup and Toothless' lonely lives were the dragons.

Throughout all of their travels, neither remembered the dragons until they returned to Berk that first time. Once the vikings had all left the north, the dragons had little reason to be there. Apparently, not long after the vikings left, there was a large migration south. Most of the social creatures left to pursue the lives they remembered having with their tough companions. There were, thankfully, some that knew why dragons only inhabited the northern regions.

Most was due to the fear humans had of the beautiful animals. This was their ultimate doom. Once the humans learned how to defeat the beasts, they seemed to make a game of it. Now, the dragons told their young stories of the genocide they would become victim of if they ever ventured too far from their nest.

This was around the time Hiccup took up his job as Keeper of the Dragons, with the help of his best friend.

Seeing the fear and mourning of their old friends, Hiccup and Toothless resolved to help them in every way they possibly could. This decision lead to them gathering up as many of the stray dragons to return them to safety. They took whoever they saw back to the viking islands, naming them Fyrsta Heimili. Later, this also allowed Hiccup to discover the extent of this concealment ability.

After around twenty years of hiding the dragons, he found that there were still humans curious enough to venture far into the northern cold. The first and only invasion of the Fyrsta Heimili happened while the Keepers were returning with a small group of juvenile dragons.

As it was a very small ship, with no more than sixty men on it, Hiccup was not particularly worried. He knew that even if they did not heed his warning, the dragons could easily hold their own. These men were not fighters, so it was likely they would turn back immediately anyway. Unfortunately, one of the water dragons had wandered out too far, and she attacked when she felt threatened by the unfamiliar vessel.

Hiccup, feeling extremely guilty for their deaths, discovered that he could conceal just about anything. Looking back, he laughed at how he discovered this.

About a month later, there came another ship, seemingly identical to the other one. Presumably, this was the search party. This time, they were prepared.

The boy and his Night Fury had flown out, meeting the boat before it reached the islands. Hiccup, nervous that he would be the reason for their deaths as well, pushed his concealment out so forcefully, he accidentally made it look as though they were floating above the unforgiving waters. What he wanted them to see was one of the more fearsome dragon species, so that was also part of the image they saw. Basically, all they knew was one minute they were sailing along peacefully, and the next they were dangling above their demise with seemingly nothing keeping them from the jaws of death.

Panicked, Hiccup enlisted the help of some of the nearby dragons and pushed the ship away from the sanctuaries. Eventually, Hiccup released the terrifying vision, though not without some effort.

Once Toothless had managed to calm Hiccup down enough to listen to reason, they figured out a way to protect the safe havens. It took a few tries, but eventually, Hiccup was able to hold a permanent shield of sorts around the perimeter of the islands.

Because of this new protection, there were many ships that narrowly avoided rediscovering dragons. It was also the cause of a fair number of shipwrecks. As technology took over the jobs of humans, the Keepers were grateful to discover it also worked against the machines. Whenever the technology powered vessels passed over the perimeter of Fyrsta Heimili, the equipment stopped working.

Usually, the illusion worked against the ship and its inhabitants, making them basically turn completely around. Other times, the ship wasn't so lucky as to survive the cold and rocky waters of the north.

Funnily enough, this was the cause of the most famous and ironic shipwreck in all of history: the Titanic. Hiccup figured that if it hadn't passed into the dragon territory, it probably would have lived up to its reputation.

Throughout their travels, the spirits always visited the sanctuaries frequently. They made sure that between each destination, they returned to their home islands. This was actually the reason they were in Berk at all.

Still reminiscing, Hiccup was startled when Toothless returned with dinner. Especially since he had decided to greet his friend by pouncing on him.

"AUGH! Toothless! Was that really necessary?" Hiccup groaned from the pressure the huge lizard put on his scrawny form.

Finding their situation completely hilarious, said dragon began fervently licking the boy's face. "Why, of course, Hic, it always is! You need to work on your reflexes."

Grimacing, the viking pushed his friend's head away, attempting to get up. "Do not! Remember that one time that I was able to avoid being assaulted for a full week?"

"That was over three centuries ago! Like I said, you need to work on your reflexes if you ever hope to survive."

"Isn't that what I have you for? If I don't have you to save me all the time, what good is having a fire-breathing reptile for a pet?" Hiccup teased.

"Okay, I resent that. I am not your pet. If anything, you are my pet," Toothless stated haughtily.

"Absolutely not. I refuse to be called any one's pet."

"Well then it seems we are at an impasse."

"Oooh, impasse. Big word, sure you even know what it means?"

"Of course I do. I'm not an idiot, despite your delusions."

"Oh really? Tell me what it means then."

"... Shut up."

Laughing, the boy gathered the fish Toothless had dumped onto a patch of grass. After skinning one and leaving the rest for the other to eat raw, he began cooking his meal over the warm fire. Hiccup then remembered what had happened while the dragon was gone, and broke the comfortable silence.

"It's time."

"Took him long enough," the dragon snorted.

####

The next morning, they left to visit the nests before leaving in search of a Guardian. The night before, they had agreed they would first go to the north pole and see if North was there. It should be the easiest to find and enter. They had visited all three of the Guardian homes several times. In all technicality, they shouldn't have, but hey, who said curiosity only killed cats?

The visit to the nests went smoothly, as they always did.

On each island, there was a specific set of breeds of dragons living in harmony. It had taken a while for the Keepers to figure out which species could live with which, but now, their system was perfect. Most of the time.

There were some that needed to change islands every few months or so, because of migration habits. It worked out great for them though, as each island held different weather patterns.

Flying away from the last of the nests, the duo finally set off to meet the legendary Guardians.

####

At that exact same moment, the Guardians were each mystified as to who exactly the new Guardian, or rather Guardians, were. They had all exhausted themselves over the night. Using any resources they had, each had contacted everyone they could to see if anyone had ever seen boy and the strange winged beast. By the end of the night, they were no closer to figuring out who they were than when they started.

"They do exist, don't they?" Bunny whined. As the only one without any real method of communication, as well as the only one that literally had to run around the world, he was especially tired. For the past hour, he had bonelessly been laying in a heap on a work table in North's workshop.

"According to Jamie, no. There is literally no legend about them. No mention of them anywhere. Not anywhere in the world." Jack, who's best contact was the kid expert in all things magical, announced as he flew into the room. He had spent the entire night looking through the Burgess library with Jamie, only to come up with nothing. At the end of the night, he finally returned to the north pole with as much information as the rest of the Guardians. "Hey, Sandy, mind giving Jamie a little boost today? I feel bad for keeping him up all night."

Sandman nodded, floating through the sky light to do as requested.

Jack joined his friends and flopped down onto the floor. The all-knowing Guardians, for once, had no idea what to do.

For the tenth time since they had gathered, Tooth asked, "Why are we getting a new Guardian in the first place?"

This time Jack was the first to respond. "Yeah, why add one so soon? I mean, the only reason I was even recruited was because Pitch was back. That can't possibly be it."

Bunny, though he had no energy to do anything else, joined in with the complaining, "Exactly! It took Pitch nearly five hundred years to come back last time, so there's no way he's back now. Right?"

North hummed, pondering what other reason there could be. Coming up with nothing, he hesitantly said, "Well, there is no guarantee that Pitch can't do it. If we can, maybe he can too."

This didn't help any of them in the slightest. They all groaned, closing their eyes in frustration and fatigue.

Outside, Sandman was just finishing the difficult process of making his sand have the reverse effect for Jamie, when he spotted a small, black dot in the distance. Sending his finished work off to Burgess, he formed his dream-sand into a pair of binoculars in order to see what the odd shape was. Noiselessly gasping, Sandy rushed inside.

####

Despite the short distance from the sanctuary to the North Pole, it wasn't for another few hours that they spotted North's

workshops.

The long flight may have had something to do with doing dangerous tricks and getting distracted by the feeling of flight. Even after all this time, neither could resist the temptation of the freedom that flying in the open air offered.

"Are we almost there yet? I'm bored," Toothless complained for the thousandth time in the last fifteen minutes.

"Dear gods, give me strength," Hiccup muttered, looking to the sky, "Yes, Toothless. I told you five minutes ago that we were almost there. Were you not listening?"

"But that was five whole minutes ago! Shouldn't we be there by now?"

"I said almost, didn't I? How about we do a couple more tricks. Would that make you stop asking?"

"Yes. Yes it would," Toothless said happily.

A few loops, dives, and twists later, they were back on track. The flight was much more enjoyable for Hiccup, now that there wasn't a pesky dragon asking the same question over and over. Unfortunately, this reprieve didn't last long.

"How close are we now?"

Groaning, the boy checked the sky, then the horizon. "Actually, it's right there." He pointed forward, "See that mountain cliff thingy? That's it."

It may have been Hiccup's imagination, but they suddenly seemed to increase their speed by thirty miles per hour.

"Hiccup, is that Sandman?" Toothless caught a glint of moving gold that only he could see at this distance.

"It might be. He is one of the Guardians. Maybe he's visiting North?" Hiccup guessed.

"Yeah, maybe. That would certainly kill two birds with one stone," the dragon replied.

Approaching the fortress, they located what they knew to be the sky light to the main floor. It was the only place Toothless could comfortably fit through. Directing Toothless to land on a ledge a bit below the opening, Hiccup got off to talk to Toothless. This was it. They would finally be revealing themselves. He suddenly felt incredibly nervous. After having been with each other for so long, it was no surprise that Toothless could instantly feel his boy's hesitation and doubt. Nuzzling his head under Hiccup's chin, the ancient animal comforted his equally ancient friend in a way only he could.

Once he felt sufficiently comforted, Hiccup nodded after a quick scratch under Toothless's head, then mounted his friend again.

####

Sometimes, Sandy really hated not being able to make any noise.

Most people tended to take talking for granted. If you wanna get someone's attention when their back is turned, you could just say their name. If things got too loud, you could yell in their ear or tap them on the shoulder. If the people you wanted to tell something to all had their eyes closed, anyone else could easily announce their presence. But not Sandy.

Because of this issue, the only other way to get other's attention was to touch them. This, however, was equally as problematic, for if he were to touch any of them in the slightest, they would immediately fall asleep because of how utterly spent they already were.

A picture may be worth a thousand words, but those words are useless if the eyes that need to see the picture are closed.

Usually, Sandy fixed this problem by using one of the surprisingly jingly elves, but all of them were out searching for the elusive new Guardians. Any other options, such as noisy toys North made for Christmas, were in the east wing, which was too far for him to get before their guests arrived.

Yes, Sandy really hated being mute.

Someone must have foreseen Sandy's exasperating issue, for just as Sandy was about to rush as fast as his sand could take him to the workshop, one of the yetis walked in. Vaguely recognizing this one as John, the Guardian of Dreams redirected his objective to enlisting the yeti's help.

Thankfully, all he needed to do was point at the spirits for John to understand what he needed. John yelled an unintelligible garble that was definitely effective in gaining the Guardians attention.

Now that he had their attention, Sandy encountered a new problem: telling them what was happening.

He knew if he just showed a picture of their targets, it wouldn't make any sense. Those two had been the subject of all conversation since the discovery that there would be new recruits.

Because of Sandy's hesitation, Bunny became irrationally impatient. "Well? What do you want, dreamboy?"

"Bunnymund!" Tooth reprimanded him, though no one noticed.

Then, hitting himself in the head for not thinking of the obvious before now, Sandy used his unique form of speech to show the mysterious duo, followed by an arrow towards the open skylight.

The effect was gradual, each of them taking various amounts of time to understand what he was attempting to portray. As the first of the four to make sense of the message, Jack's eyes widened considerably. He grabbed his staff and pushed off the floor, shooting up to the opening. First searching the skies, he doubted his conclusion when he couldn't see anything out of the ordinary.

"See them, Jack?" North called up to him.

When Jack shook his head, Tooth fluttered up to join him. After checking the horizon, as Jack had done, she flew out to get a better view, followed by her usual entourage. Confused, she also turned back to fly back into warmth. Intuitively, one of Tooth's little fairies glanced down in time to see a large black form land on a ledge. Her squeak was enough to gain the notice of the two present Guardians.

Once back inside, Tooth began speaking at a mile a minute.

"Sandy's right! He's here! Well obviously not here here, but outside. I wonder if he knows how to get in. Or they. Oh thank goodness they came here, our search was going horribly! Though, now that I think about it, how did they know how to find us? And how did they know we were searching for them? That should be the first thing we ask. Oh, right after their names. Don't want to be rude after all. What do you suppo-"

"TOOTH!" The rest of the spirits halted her ramblings, Sandy creating a large golden tooth above his head.

"Sorry, but this is so exciting!" They all silently agreed.

"George, go find the closest entrance to them and lead them here," North ordered one of his yetis. He turned back toward his colleagues, "What are we going to say when they come in?"

An unfamiliar voice piped up from above, "How about 'Hello'?"

3. Chapter 3

Hiccup and Toothless weren't stupid. They knew never to fly blindly into a situation, which was why they were currently clinging to the side of the main building of the North Pole.

Hiccup was lucky to have gotten used to every possible positions in Toothless' saddle, or else he would be rapidly falling to his death. Remaining in a sitting position while the seat is almost completely upside down is not easy, after all.

They hadn't caught the beginning of the conversation, but now they could hear a tremendously excited voice rambling about a search going wrong. However, that was all they could make out as the animated woman's words came out faster and faster. Both Keepers were grateful when a group of voices all exclaimed what they assumed to be the name of whoever had been rambling.

"Toothiana, huh? Must be our lucky day then. Kill three birds with one stone," the former Viking whispered in Toothless' ear. All the dragon could do was nod. Any attempt at speech would be too loud and would inevitably give away their position.

"George, go find the closest entrance to them and lead them here," they recognized this voice as the one belonging to North. They knew they were here? So much for a surprise then. Hiccup supposed it was a good time to make their entrance; they wouldn't gain anything more from eavesdropping.

Toothless climbed the short distance to the opening and managed to reach it just as North continued with, "What are we going to say when they come in?"

Both males rolled their eyes. Hiccup, as the only one able to speak English, said, "How about 'Hello'?"

They could have laughed at the expressions on the Guardians' faces if they hadn't just noticed that it wasn't just Tooth, Sandman, and North, but was all five members of the legendary group. Hiccup almost pat himself on the back for his impeccable timing.

He nudged his dragon into gliding down and landing on the globe. Thankfully, the globe was made of sturdy material and didn't even budge under the extra weight.

After a minute of silence, in which Hiccup and Toothless congratulated themselves on their apparently stunning entrance, Hiccup remarked, "I see that hello isn't gonna happen, is it?"

This succeeded in only bringing one of the five legends out of their daze. Sandy approached them cautiously, as he still had no idea what the black beast was. It was much larger than they had estimated, and was too close to the color of Pitch's Nightmares for comfort.

Sandy questioned the new Guardian on his name. Alas, the question was too advanced for symbols, and all that appeared above his head was a jumbled mess of sand. He knew he wasn't able to accurately portray his inquiry, and turned to look at his friends for help. He was quite shocked when he heard the boy respond.

"Hiccup. My name is Hiccup. Nice to meet you Sandy."

"_You can understand me?"_ Sandy said, not expecting an answer. He probably had just guessed it was typical greeting and responded without knowing how accurate he was.

"Yea. Can't anyone else?" the boy, Hiccup, looked confused. Sandy shook his head hesitantly.

Though all present had finally gotten over the shock of the unexpected entrance, they still weren't speaking. Hiccup figured it was probably because he had been able to do what no one else seemed to be able to. He and Toothless both chalked it up to their ability to understand anyone and anything.

When they first discovered that they could communicate, they thought it was just a gift to understand each other. They continued to think that for a couple more months after leaving Berk, mostly because they stuck around the northern islands, all of which spoke Norse, Hiccup's first language.

It wasn't until they encountered a Byzantine family in a forest that they discovered the real reason for Hiccup's sudden talent. It was also when they found that Toothless shared the same capability. Unfortunately for the dragon, his mouth was not designed for human speech, so he really had no use for it. That is, until he began talking with the family's pet goat.

Their understanding of tongues made it much easier for them to blend in wherever they went. With a lot of trial and hardly any error, Hiccup realized he was basically fluent in all languages.

It took him some time to learn all of them without having to rely on his skill, though. He had quickly gotten annoyed at the way his talent worked. At first, he would hear his native tongue with an echo of the language they were speaking behind it. Mercifully, the overlapping Norse would get quieter the more he knew and understood the language. Neither spirit missed the resulting headaches.

They were slightly curious as to how they could understand Sandy, though. It wasn't as though he used actual words. It was more of a soft voice in their minds. Weirdly enough, they recognized Sandy's words as French.

"Did you live in France before you died, Sandy?" Hiccup asked in French.

Eyes widening, Sandy nodded. No one knew that. It was impossible to communicate it only with a picture. He must be able to understand him!

"_This is amazing! I haven't been able to speak with anyone properly since— well, since before I became the Sandman! Hello! It's so very nice to meet you Hiccup. I've always wanted to say that, you know. Oh, this is fantastic! I don't have to dumb things down anymore!"_ Sandy was speaking so fast that the symbols above his head never had a chance to form. To anyone else, it looked similar to a miniature sandstorm on top of the little man's head.

Finally coming out of their shock, the other Guardians looked at each other in bewilderment. They hoped they could have translated for the boy, as it was sometimes hard for new people to understand what all the tiny pictures meant, but they couldn't exactly do that when there weren't any to translate.

They all jumped when the boy laughed, and then realized the boy, evidently named Hiccup, was speaking rapidly in French.

"I'm glad to have made you feel more comfortable, Sandy. I can call you that, right?" Hiccup already was enjoying this spirit.

"_Of course, that's what all my friends call me. So I know your name, but who is this? And what is it?" _Sandy asked, looking pointedly at Toothless.

Toothless huffed in offence. "I'm a he, not an it, thank you very much. The name's Toothless."

"_You can speak to me as well? Well this is new. I apologize for offending you, Toothless."_ Now it was Hiccup and Toothless' turn to gape.

"Wait, so you understood what I just said? You can hear what I'm saying right now?" Toothless hopped down onto the floor to get closer to Sandy. He nodded.

Switching to Norse, Hiccup said, "It might be because he doesn't technically speak a human language," when Toothless shot a bemused

glance over his shoulder.

It was then that they noticed a hesitant Tooth hovering closer towards them. Reverting back to English, as the others seemingly didn't understand French, he said, "Toothiana, I know you aren't this shy. You can talk to us, you know."

He really shouldn't have said that though, because Tooth pretty much exploded then. "Is your name really Hiccup? It seems like an odd thing to be called. Though I suppose so is Tooth. What language were you speaking before? And why did you start speaking it in the first place? How do you know my name? And Sandy's? I heard you say it a couple times." She turned to Sandy briefly, "What were you trying to say before? You were talking too fast; your sand never stopped moving." Directing her attention back to Hiccup and Toothless, she began again, "I almost forgot to ask, what is that? I've never seen anything like it. Oh no, that's a bit rude, isn't it? I'm sorry, whatever you are. Oh that's no betterâ€¦"

Embarrassed, she trailed off. Hiccup took pity on the energetic fairy, and responded with, "It's alright, no one alive has seen one of him. His name is Toothless, by the way."

Before he could go any farther, Tooth interrupted him, "Toothless? He doesn't have teeth? How awful!" She looked absolutely devastated.

He began detaching himself from Toothless' back while he said, "Oh, don't worry. He has teeth. Show her, Toothless."

Grumbling about being pushed around, he complied, showing off his rows of sharp, white teeth. Keeping his mouth opened, he suddenly retracted them, then put them back. The Tooth fairy inched forward in interest, but jolted back when he snapped his jaw shut.

"Hiccup, yes? Welcome to the North Pole!" North joined in the excitement. Noticing Toothless' glare, he added "Yes, you as well, Toothless! I can tell already, we will be great friends."

Hiccup jumped off of the saddle, coming to stand next to his friend instead. Toothless, realizing he was no longer on his back, sat on his haunches, making him taller than North by about a foot.

By now, the Guardians had formed a semicircle around them. Hiccup was glad that he was able to get back on Toothless at a moment's notice. After all the practice he'd had, they could easily be out of there in 2 seconds flat. It payed to ride a Night Fury.

Jack jumped up on his staff, trying to size up the huge beast. "So you never said, what exactly isâ€¦ Toothless?"

Acknowledging the Winter spirit for the first time, Hiccup said, "A dragon. A Night Fury, to be more precise. Fastest dragon there is." Toothless straightened at the praise.

Hiccup continued to gaze at the white haired boy. The only other time Hiccup had seen him was when they had been visiting Russia. Jack had been taking his anger out on the citizens of Tver for some unknown reason. It was most likely the inability to be seen by most anyone. Unable to come up with a good disguise at the time, they were forced to stay back, and therefore, were unable to get a good look at

him.

Now that he was so close, Hiccup noticed his clothes were covered in frost. Not surprising, really. He wasn't named Jack Frost for nothing, after all.

He was also pretty young. He looked to be about 17, making him a year older than Hiccup had been when he'd died. Not very focused, Hiccup thought. Hiccup noticed his eyes darting around when he got bored, as though looking for something more interesting to do. His whole posture screamed fun, as did his face. All in all, Jack Frost seemed like the kind of guy everyone got along with.

Well, maybe not everyone.

Looking at the only Guardian that had yet to say anything, Hiccup narrowed his eyes. A thought occurred to him: He was the Easter Bunny. "You could understand him too, couldn't you, Aster?" He asked, referring to his dragon.

Scowling, Bunnymund slowly nodded his head. The others looked at him questioningly.

"I figured as much. Not gonna say anything, Bunny?" When Bunny didn't respond, Hiccup said, "Do you always look so angry?"

This earned him a chuckle from Jack. He swung down off his staff while he said, "I think we'll get along just fine, little man."

Two frowning faces looked at Jack, both for a different reason. "I am not that small."

Jack scoffed. "Whatever you say, Hic." Hiccup's scowl deepened for a moment.

North decided they should get back on track now. "Now that introductions are finished, how did you know to come here?"

Hiccup glanced at Toothless. Timidly, he simply said, "Manny."

North nodded, then made the decision to just get the big question out of the way. "So, Hiccup, Toothless, are you ready to become Guardians?"

"Guardians?" both of the spirits in question exclaimed, though only half of the people in the room could understand one of the exclamations.

Though he had been surprisingly silent during most of the conversation, Toothless was the one to ask, "Why would you think we were going to become Guardians?"

Finally deeming them worthy of a response, Bunny answered, "Manny chose you as Guardians. I thought you said he told you to come here?"

"He did. Never said anything about being a Guardian." Hiccup looked accusingly at the moon. "Stupid circle. Doesn't tell me anything."

"Wait, so if you're not here because of that, what did you come here for?" Tooth inquired.

"...I'm not entirely sure. I guess we are here to become Guardians, if that's what Manny says. All he told us was that it was time."

"Time for what?" Bunny asked.

"To come here. Talk to you guys. That's what he told us the third time, I think, that he talked to us. 'Course then he doesn't say anything to us for another couple centuries, the useless rock."

His last comment shocked and confused the Guardians. Tooth then said, "Hiccup, exactly how old are you two?"

"Me? I'm about 1307, give or take a few decades. It was a bit hard to keep track when there wasn't much of a calendar. Technology is certainly helpful, though. Not so sure about Toothless, but we've figured he's around maybe 450 years older than me. Couldn't really ask anyone."

"No, no, no, that's not possible. Sandy's the oldest spirit there is, and he's only, what, seven centuries old?" Jack said, "And besides, how is it no one has ever heard of you? If you've been alive this long, you must have run into someone eventually. There's no way."

Hiccup and Toothless looked at each other, then, to the amazement of the other five spirits, began to change. Soon, they were a boy of about eight years old and a large black dog.

They changed. A smaller boy and a black goat. Again and again, they changed forms, each slightly different but still holding a similar theme to each transformation. An eleven year old and a horse. Thirteen and a panther. Nine and a snake. Ten and a bear. Finally, they changed until they were back to their original forms.

All five Guardians' mouths were open in disbelief. Then the boy spoke, "To answer your question, you have. We have met all of you before, or at least seen you from a distance. You just haven't seen us. Not the real us, in any case."

Waiting a moment for someone to stop gawking at them, the two Keepers of Dragons shifted uncomfortably. Toothless then focused on his best friend. "I think we killed them. They've all had heart attacks and now their dead."

Hiccup snickered. Too bad Jack couldn't understand that. He would have appreciated the attempt at lightening the mood. Though probably not right now.

It seemed like hours when the awkward, silent staring was ended by a sharp trill from the bag at Hiccup's waist. He swore, reached into a pouch on the side, and pulled out a small device that looked like a cross between one of North's globes and an egg.

The high-pitched noise seemed to have distracted at least the Winter spirit, most likely due to his incredibly short attention span. He stepped lightly towards the newcomers as Hiccup climbed atop his

partner. "What's going on? Where are you going?"

"Home. There's a problem, apparently. Migration's late for one of the families. Won't leave their damn rock. Again." Hiccup switched to Norse for the sake of privacy. He was eternally grateful that almost no one spoke it anymore. At least not the ancient dialect they knew. "Seems that clan of Snartacks is refusing to leave again. Or at least Abadda is. Thor knows why she's more stubborn than any Viking that ever lived when it comes to migration."

"Where, exactly, is this 'home' you are going to?" North stepped up, eyeing them suspiciously.

"South of here." Hiccup smirked, "I'll come back, promise. Shouldn't take long." with that, Toothless shot up and out of the room and away from the North Pole.

Loudly, Tooth breathed, "Well, that certainly went well."

#####

"Hate to say it, but I'm kind of glad for the emergency. That was really awkward. I didn't think it would be so hard to... you know, reveal almost every important secret we have." Toothless grumbled sarcastically.

Hiccup rolled his eyes before saying, "Hey, we still have lots of secrets! We only told them, what, four, five secrets? And we have at least, like, 8 secrets total."

"Yeah, you're not helping your point as much as you think you are." Toothless commented, though Hiccup didn't appear to have heard him.

"Besides, personally, I think it could have gone a lot worse," he continued, "Look on the bright side, now you can talk to someone else besides stupid animals, foolish dragons, and me."

"Aww but I love only hearing your nasally voice all hours of the day for all of eternity."

"Oh shut up. Why I got stuck with you..."

"I didn't see any other dragons get shot out of the sky, just me."

"That was an accident!"

"Was not! You wanted to kill me to impress your dad!"

"... Oh yeah. But still, it could have been a different dragon."

"Even if it was, no one else would have fought the Red Death with you. Only I was stupid enough."

"We also wouldn't have died."

"That's true."

A moment of silence.

"I totally win that argument."

"Did not! My points were much more sophisticated!"

"You're just a dragon. What do you know?"

"More than you would, puny Viking."

"That's not much of an insult when I have officially not been a Viking for over a millennia."

"Is so. You're still really small."

"Yeah, wellâ€¦ I justâ€¦ butâ€¦ so?"

"Very articulate."

The rest of the trip back to Fyrsta Heimili was spent in much the same way. The two soon-to-be Guardians bickered and teased in the way only old friends could.

####

Before meeting Hiccup and Toothless, North was confident in his ability to find anyone anywhere in the world. He would say on multiple occasions that he had been to everywhere in the world, excluding, of course, any place underwater. That was Nessie's territory, after all. However, now North was not so sure he knew Earth as well as he should.

This was his third lap around the world in search of the mysterious boy and dragon. In addition to him not being able to pinpoint them, he had recently been informed that Sandy and Bunny were not having any luck either. Tooth still had her massive army of fairies out searching. Seeing as the first search had not come up with anything, it was not too much of a surprise that this one was fruitless as well.

One of the many questions that North had forgotten to ask in his stupor was how they were able to not only locate his workshop, but enter it at all. Sure, the skylight was a considerably large opening, but the whole place was coated in magic to ward off any unwanted visitors. In reality, only the current Guardians and their helpers were supposed to be able to enter the place. This puzzle had bothered him from the moment Sandy had announced their arrival.

Now, however, the only question on all of their minds was how were they able to disappear so suddenly, and where could they possibly be hiding?

####

Jack, while not nearly as frustrated as the rest of his friends, was feeling flustered nonetheless. Seeing as he didn't have nearly as much experience in traveling the world in short periods of time as the rest of the Guardians, he didn't feel the same irritation as them that they were unable to pinpoint Hiccup and Toothless' location.

In hindsight, he found Hiccup's parting remark very funny. None of the others saw the humor in it, though. Jack supposed that's what came with being the Guardian of Fun.

He certainly appreciated the kid's sense of humor. Dry and sarcastic, Jack's favorite.

Currently, Jack was leisurely floating somewhere in the U.S. Because the search was going as horribly as the first one, the others eventually called it off in favor of returning to their jobs. North only had about a week before he went into pure panic mode over Christmas, which Jack predicted would come a lot earlier, what with the newest Guardians going missing before they even knew who they really were.

Knowing that would happen, Jack decided he should avoid the Pole until he got word from one of the others. He had no desire to be put to work with the Yetis, no matter how much fun they were.

By now it had been two days since he had spent the night researching with Jamie, meaning it was the weekend. Not needing any other reason to visit, Jack had set his course towards Burgess.

Currently, Jack was hanging upside down outside the Bennett house, looking into Sophie's room. He had checked Jamie's window, but hadn't found any sign of the boy there. Sophie's room was also void of the giggling little girl. He was about to go check one of the other kids' houses when he was hit with something wet and cold. Immediately, he heard seven different giggles coming from below him.

Sure enough, there they all were, half hiding behind the corner of the house, looking around the bend to watch the Winter Spirit.

"So that's how it's gonna be, huh?" Jack smirked, landing gracefully on the ground. He tapped the ground with his staff where suddenly a wall of snow grew up to Jack's shoulders. He waved the staff across the ground, creating a pile of snowballs.

The children, realizing exactly where this was headed, had already made up a bunch of snowballs on hand.

Precisely four seconds later, the second snowball war of the week was in full swing.

The odds may have been seven against one, but Jack wasn't the Spirit of Winter and Snow for nothing. Still, it was a long time before the kids called out their surrender. They had fought valiantly, and only had to wave the white flag, so to speak, because they couldn't make the balls fast enough.

Settling down after all the excitement, they were laying on a soft snow bank Jack had formed when Jamie was reminded of something.

"So Jack, did you guys figure out who that kid was?"

"Not yet, but we did meet him. He's disappeared again. Oh, by the way, the lizard thing was with him too."

This instantly piqued Jamie's interest. "Really? What was it, do you know? And what were their names? Did they tell you how they became

spirits? Oh, were they-"

"Whoa, slow down kid," Jack chuckled, "One question at a time, okay? Well, let's seeâ€¦ Okay first, their names are Hiccup and Toothless. Before you say anything, yes, I know they have weird names, but really, I'm the only Guardian with a normal name. Seriously, who names their kid Tooth?" This earned him a chorus of giggles again. "Second, no they didn't say how they became spirits. They were only there for five, ten minutes tops. Not enough time for them to tell their life stories."

Jack went silent, which was apparently not allowed.

"Jack! You never said what the lizard thing was!"

"Yeah! Tell us?"

"Come on, don't leave us hanging, dude."

"Lizzy, Lizzy!"

Jack laughed at them before answering, "Hiccup said it was a dragon."

This piece of news was met with a lot of "Cool"s and "No way"s.

"You haven't already told them about Hiccup and Toothless, have you Jack?"

The group looked up to see Tooth and Sandy hovering a few feet away. All of the kids jumped up to surround the two newcomers while Jack hung back.

It took a while for them to calm down, which wasn't all that surprising. They hadn't seen each other in months. Sandy finally managed to gather all the attention towards him, making magnificent images out of his sand, so that Tooth and Jack could talk.

"So how's the search going?" He knew this was the only reason for them to be coming here at a time like this.

"Do you even need to ask? My fairies are completely exhausted! I've had to give all their shifts to my other divisions. It'll take weeks to get everyone back on schedule."

"Tough break. I gave up a while ago. I figure they'll show themselves when they can. Sounded like they had a job to do too."

Tooth sighed, "You're probably right. They have to have been made Guardians for a reason. I wonder what it is they do though. And how they've managed to stay hidden for so long. And for that matter, why Manny would ask them to do that in the first place. It must be so lonely, only the two of them for all that time."

"Yeah," Jack agreed absently, "Oh well. Best just to move on till they show up again."

####

Hiccup collapsed onto the mat he used as a bed. Who knew convincing

stubborn old dragons took so much effort? Well, him, seeing as he had to do the same thing every migration cycle, but that was beside the point.

"Is it me, or does Abadda come up with more ridiculous excuses every time?" Toothless rolled onto his back to get a better look at Hiccup, then continued with, "I swear, if she weren't Stormfly's granddaughter, I'd have skinned her alive centuries ago. I think she knows that, too. Manipulative old hag."

Hiccup could only nod in agreement. He remembered Astrid's dragon. She'd died a long time ago. Hiccup smiled when he thought of the time he'd seen Astrid and Stormfly practice. That was so long ago, but he remembered it clearly. That was the last time he'd seen Astrid. He heard she died in battle, which seemed fitting.

Thoroughly bummed out, Hiccup tried distracting himself.

"So what do you really think of the Guardians?"

"Now that we've actually met them, I have to say, I'm not all that impressed. I forgot that Jack was one though."

Hiccup hummed. "To be fair, that was only a few months ago."

Toothless shrugged. "I suppose, but aren't we kind of required to know everything that happens to the Guardians?"

"Collectively, not individually."

"Whatever. Anyway, I wasn't very impressed with him either. What's so special about him that they needed him to take down Pitch? They'd done it before, why have that skinny little icicle help?"

"How should I know? Maybe we can ask when we see them."

A moment of restful silence passed before Toothless said, "So wait, aren't we supposed to be Guardians now too? And if the last time they had an addition was when they needed help, what was the reason for us to suddenly be chosen? Surely Pitch isn't already back, I mean, it took forever last time he came back."

Hiccup frowned. "You're right, it's way too soon for him to come back. Granted last time, didn't he have to create a new one whatever they are? Maybe he figured he could use the same thing again."

"Maybe, but I'm still not sure it really is Pitch again."

"You know, it's been a while since we've had to fight. Think we should, I don't know, at least spar with some of the dragons?"

Toothless shrugged, a habit he had picked up from Hiccup after years of being in only each other's company. "Well, it couldn't hurt. I doubt I need to brush up on my skills, but you... you definitely need some work."

Toothless ducked as a large rock, nearly the size of a boulder, flew

towards his head.

"I think I'm good, don't you?"

Since their death, both had gained a boost in almost all physical aspects. Not only was Toothless far stronger and faster than the all other dragons, Hiccup was also nearly as strong as him. Since he had gained the increased strength, Hiccup had fun teasing Toothless as often as he could. With such heightened abilities, however, they were often forced to fight each other, as not many other creatures were strong enough to handle them.

On the plus side, this gave them an edge on all of the foes they faced.

"And you call me the show off?" Used to his friend's antics, Toothless shot a small fireball towards him. This turned out to be a bad move, since that was Hiccups other 'talent': Elemental control.

The two spirits chalked this ability up to him living and dying as a dragon. Now that they were officially dead, Hiccup figured he became more like the species he was supposed to be. His elemental control was what they thought of as his Sotned. At first, they thought he was able to do anything any dragon could, including all the Sotned's that existed. Eventually, after much testing, they decided that it was just the base elements. Obviously, he could use fire. Then, they discovered how he could manipulate things like water, wind, earth, and light. There were a few other things, such as plant life, but as those were mostly useless, he rarely even remembered them.

"You know, if Pitch is back, it's probably not a good idea to kill the one that helps you fly." Hiccup told the Night Fury as he flung the fireball at his feet.

"Oh please, I knew you would catch it. Probably."

"See, it's things like that that'll get both of us killed."

"Both? I don't think I would lose much if you were gone."

"Oh yeah, only your best friend and the last person you have left."

"Not true. I have other friends."

"Name one."

"Abadda."

"You said you wanted to skin her alive not five minutes ago!"

"She can be nice."

"You know what, I'm not having this conversation with you again. If you're going to throw fire around, we might as well spar a bit." Hiccup rose to his feet and waited as Toothless groaned and got into position for their fight.

4. Chapter 4

"You know what? I don't like these 'new guardians'." Bunny grumbled. Once they'd pooled their very limited information together, they were even more frustrated than before.

"Why? We don't even know them yet." Tooth asked

"That's why! We know nothing about them! We don't know what they do, where they live, what they can do, or why they're worthy of being Guardians in the first place! We don't even know that they won't turn out like Pitch did!"

"Can't believe I'm saying this, but Bunny's right. We don't know enough about them." Jack agreed.

"Yeah! And what's more, they just broke into the Pole! I mean, who does things like that? Criminals, that's who." Bunny continued enthusiastically.

"Just give them a chance, Bunny. Remember when you thought something similar about Jack?" North said.

"Not the best argument: I'm still not sold on him." Bunny mumbled to himself.

Sandy signaled to them that he liked the new spirits.

"You know, I would very much like to know where they keep disappearing to. I mean, where on Earth could they be that _we,_ as spirits that literally travel the entire world either daily or yearly, are unable to find them?" Jack said, "This is ridiculous. I'm gonna go make another round, see if I can't catch wind of them." The winter spirit flew out the window to do exactly that.

####

At the same time, Hiccup and Toothless were in the middle of the East China Sea, near the city of Taizhou. They had to pay a visit to their China sanctuary.

This one was the second oldest of their sanctuaries, and had been split into three sections, all in different areas. The one they were currently visiting was called ShÇ'uyÃ" ZhÃ-zhÃ>, set in the Chinese sea as well as the lakes and rivers in China. The one they had just visited was in the mountain ranges and stretched into the forests of China, and was named JiÃ• De GuÃ•nhuÃ;i. The final one, the one they had saved for last, was named ShÇ'uyÃ" TiÃ;opÃ- De. It was in the middle of the Taklamakan Desert, as far from civilization as possible.

Each of the sections had taken a couple decades to actually be put into use, as most of the dragons were not particularly fond of the idea of hiding from their humans. Eventually, they could no longer stall when the humans blamed them more than they praised them.

Hiccup had been very grateful that he and Toothless were able to always see them, as they often liked to randomly turn invisible and use their magical Sotnedes on any passerby. Their reputation for

mischievous definitely was accurate.

The reason it had taken so long to set up was because they'd had to move the designated areas for each sanctuary to accommodate for each dragon species, and since they could not find a single section that held all of the required homes for them, they ended up having them spread out. In the desert, the Metal and Fire dragons lived. In the mountains were the Earth and Wood dragons. The sea was home to the Water dragons, though was only so for a few months before migrating to smaller homes in the lakes and rivers.

This was the main reason for the Dragon Guardians' visit. Today was the day the water dragons moved back to their smaller homes, and as such, Hiccup and Toothless were there to make sure they didn't attract too much attention.

Nearly there, Toothless signaled a few of the dragons to go lower, as their destination was extremely close. The oldest dragon in the Chinese species, though not as old as Hiccup and Toothless, flew closer to them.

"Guardians, I am fading. I shall last only this migration, if I am lucky. It may be the time to choose the next Blue One. I have also heard word that the Brown One is also fading. She is not far from my age," he said.

Toothless nodded and said, "Have you chosen? Remember, they must be someone that is less than halfway through their life."

"I have chosen Blise," the Blue One nervously said.

The guardians narrowed their eyes at the elder. "She is half a century from the end of her life. She is not eligible unless she is willing to choose her successor within a year. You know how well that turned out last time. She will not last long unless she has many to protect her," Hiccup reasoned. "Are you sure she is your choice?"

"She is already a fourth of her life away from fading, does she accept your nomination?" Toothless asked.

"She has accepted the responsibility. I believe she may have her choice already. You will have to ask her, however." With his piece said, he drifted down to find the large lake that was always the home of the Blue One.

Hiccup sighed wearily. They had feared this would happen. Ah well. The only way to approach this was as they had last time.

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Later that evening, at least in that part of the world, Toothless had managed a reasonable compromise. The successors for both groups were chosen, and all of the problems that required the oversight of the guardians had been solved.

Just now, they were leaving to head back to Fyrsta Heimili. Their work in the eastern dragon territory was finished for a while.

"So what are we doing about the Guardians? I would prefer not to be around them too much. The only one I really liked was Sandy. The others are all too... hyper," Toothless said.

"I'm really not that sure. We can't give up much of our time to them; the colonies need us. And we can't just ignore them because of Him and His meddling ways," Hiccup said sarcastically. "You'd think they would be grown up enough to not need us. After all, they haven't needed us so far."

"So far, they know little to nothing about us, and I would quite like it to stay that way. They edit solution I can come up with would be to just become Guardians and only contact them when they absolutely need us."

Hiccup nodded thoughtfully. "That is probably the best way to deal with them. What do you say we visit them when they're all at the Pole. I heard that was where the ceremony took place last time."

"Fine with me. Can we drop of our Eastern uniform first, though? This saddle makes me itch in the worst way."

Hiccup snickered.

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Sorry that I am a terrible person. I realize it has literally been over a year since I last updated this story, and that is partially from being busy, partially from being uninspired for this story, and partially from laziness. If you check my account, though, you'll see all the other things I've done instead of write this. I honestly don't know how consistent I can be with this, but I absolutely want to continue it. Any suggestions on any of my stories are welcome, be brutally honest. Sorry again

End
file.